

The Mirror

OF

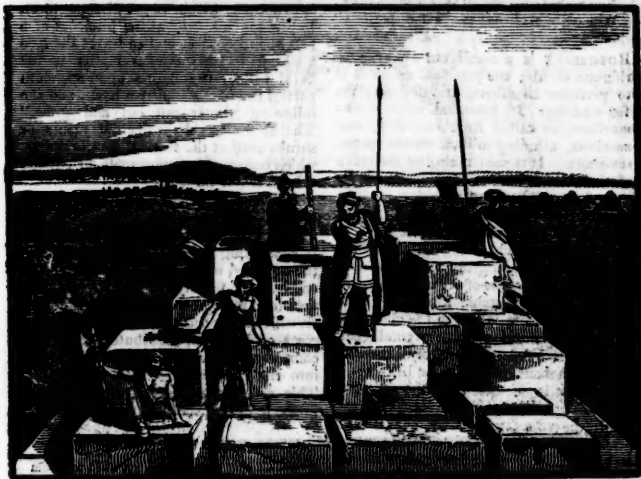
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Top of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.



THE labours of those most enterprising travellers, Belzoni, Burckhardt, and Buckingham, in exploring the sumptuous ruins of Egyptian grandeur, and the antiquities of that land of ancient wonders, have justly claimed the attention of all the learned and the curious in Europe. Under the idea that even a concise view of a subject so deeply interesting and important to every lover of literature and science must prove acceptable, we give on the first page of our new volume the above spirited engraving of the Top of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

The Pyramids of Egypt, however, have been so often described, and so frequently represented, that a description would here be superfluous, it is therefore for the purpose of illustrating what has not yet been done, that the engraving and description are herewith offered.

The largest of these pyramids (of which there are four principal ones in the plains of Gizeh,) stands on a rocky hill much higher than the plain below. It is built of stone very little harder than chalk, and was originally cased with granite; a considerable portion of this casing still

remains on and near the top, but about eight feet of its extreme height at the top has been taken away or thrown down into the plain below by various travellers.

The irregular platform on the top consists of about nine stones, of between four and five feet in length, and three in height and thickness. From hence the view is sublime and magnificent, some idea of which is intended to be conveyed by the accompanying sketch taken on the spot by the travellers who visited that pyramid.

These celebrated ruins are now inhabited by hordes of banditti, who, from the platform, as represented in our engraving, narrowly observe the track of the caravans across the plain, and when passing the pyramid, sally forth and commence their attack of pillage and plunder.

On the north side of the great pyramid there is a narrow passage leading downwards into the body of the structure. Those who have explored this passage find within, galleries, chambers, and a noble hall, built of Theban marble, situated in the centre of the pyramid.

CHRISTMAS PLANTS.*

(For the Mirror.)

"When rosemary and bay, the poet's crown,
Are baw'd in frequent cries through all the town,

Then judge the festival of Christmas near—
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.

Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

GAY.

ROSEMARY is a small but a very odoriferous shrub; the principal use of it is to perfume chambers, and in decoctions for washing. Its botanical name is *rosmarinus*, so called from *ros*, dew, and *marinus*, alluding to its situation on the sea-shore. It is seen mantling the rocks of the Mediterranean in winter, with its grey flowers glittering with dew. The ancient Latin name of the bay-tree is *laurus*, for which it is retained by modern botanists, and along with which it now comprehends a great number of species, constituting one of the noblest genera in the whole vegetable kingdom. The origin of the word is lost in the obscurity of antiquity; and whether etymologists derive it from *lauro*, to wash, or from *laus*, praise or honour, they give us little more satisfaction in one case than the other.—*The Holly, or Ilex*. The leaves are set about the edges with long, sharp, stiff prickles; the berries are small, round, and generally of a red colour, containing four triangular striated seeds in each. Of this tree there are several species, some variegated in the leaves, some with yellow berries, and some with white. It is found very useful as a hedge-plant. Its scarlet berries are asserted never to suffer from the severest of our winters:—

"Fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last."

GAY.

The *mistletoe*, so famous in the history of the superstitious rites of our ancestors, "growth (says Bacon) chiefly upon crab-trees, apple-trees, sometimes upon hazel, and rarely upon oaks, the mistletoe whereof is counted very medicinal; it is ever green winter and summer, and beareth a white glittering berry, and it is a plant utterly differing from the plant upon which it groweth." The ancients accounted it a super-plant, who thought it to be an excrescence on the tree without seed. It was named by Pliny *viscum*.

* Our much respected correspondent, P. T. W. must pardon us for omitting to publish this excellent article in our preceding number, but our arrangements were completed when it reached us. The Christmas festivities, however, are still celebrating, and our friend's reasonable observations are never out of season.—ED.

The manner of its propagation (according to Miller) is as follows:—The mistletoe-thrush, which feeds upon the berries of this plant in winter, when it is ripe, doth open the seed from tree to tree; for the viscous part of the berry, which immediately surrounds the seed, doth sometimes fasten it to the outward part of the bird's beak, which, to get disengaged of, he strikes his beak at the branches of a neighbouring tree, and so leaves the seed sticking by this viscous matter to the bark, which, if it lights upon a smooth part of the tree, will fasten itself, and the following winter put out and grow." The above are the principal plants or shrubs used at the festival of Christmas, which occurs very opportunely to enliven this period of the year.

Of the rosemary, it may be expedient to add, that this shrub has ever been treated with great respect for its efficacy in comforting the brain and strengthening the memory, which has made rosemary an emblem of fidelity in lovers. It was, therefore, worn at weddings and funerals, on which latter occasion it is still, in some parts of England, distributed among the company, who frequently throw the spriga into the grave along with the corpse. This circumstance is beautifully noticed in the following stanza by Kirke White:

THE ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom

On January's frost severe,

And o'er the wintry desert drear

To waft thy waste perfume!

Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,

And I will bind thee round my brow;

And, as I twine the mournful wreath,

I'll weave a melancholy song,

And sweet the strain shall be, and long,

The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lovest to dwell

With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,

And throw across the desert gloom

A sweet decaying smell,

Come, press my lips, and lie with me

Beneath the lowly alder tree;

And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,

And not a care shall dare intrude,

To break the marble solitude,

So peaceful, and so deep.

And, hark! the wind-god, as he flies,

Moans hollow, in the forest-trees,

And, sailing on the gusty breeze

Mysterious music dies.

Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine;

It warns me to the lonely shrine,

The cold turf altar of the dead;

My grave shall be in yon lone spot,

Where, as I lie by all forgot,

A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

P. T. W.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR JANUARY.

(For the Mirror.)

"Again, with unremitted speed,
Time hath his annual circle run,
Thus years shall pass, and years succeed,
Till Time's vast pilgrimage is done."

ANOTHER year has elapsed, gone never more to be recalled. A new one has commenced equal in variety and importance to that which has almost imperceptibly glided away. One of our best poets remarks, that a mind without reflection,

"Like a pile without inhabitants,
To ruin runs."

There is nothing to which a reflective mind is more inclined than to an interesting survey of past events. What a crowd of impressive images would fix our attention, awaken our astonishment, soften us to grief, or elevate us to joy, should this retrospection not only include the circle in which we may have individually moved, but extend to the infinite variety of circumstances, that during the years of our own remembrance have transpired on the face of the globe. From considering the various changes which have taken place on the earth, (a mere atom in the immensity of creation), we are naturally led to look upward, and contemplate with feelings of awe and reverence the works of that Being in whom there is no change, and gaze with admiration on the wonders displayed in the formation of the planetary world.

Josephus observes, that longevity was bestowed upon Adam and his posterity for the express purpose of improving the sciences of geometry and astronomy; and ascribes to Seth and his posterity an extensive knowledge of the latter. The discovery of the pole star, the mariner's sure and certain guide, is attributed by the Chinese to the emperor Hong-ti, the grandson of Noah.

How often do we observe at this period of the year the sun rising majestically, his beams gloriously bursting forth, and seeming to bid defiance to the approach of gloom; but ere he has attained the meridian, the gathering clouds have drawn an impenetrable veil between us and his brightness, discharging their contents with relentless fury. A few months since, and how large a portion of his cheering influence did we enjoy; now he just glides along at a trifling elevation above the horizon, casts on us a few weak and watery rays, and withdraws in such haste, that the visit appears as if it was unintended. On the 29th of the month he enters *Aquarius*, at 6 h. 9 min. afternoon.

B 2

Mercury arrives at his greatest elongation on the 4th in 20° of *Sagittarius*, when he may be observed a short time before the sun ascends; he attains his aphelion on the 28th, being then in 22° *Capricornus*.

Venus becomes stationary on the 13th in 24° *Sagittarius*, when she will afford a good opportunity for observation. She is in perihelio on the 16th, in the same geocentric longitude; her greatest brightness is on the 27th.

Jupiter also becomes stationary on the 29th in 14° *Libra*, southing at 4 h. 12 min. morning. There are five visible eclipses of his first satellite this month; the immersions are as follow:—

On the 8th, at 2 h. 12 min. 25 sec. morn.
15th, — 4 h. 5 min. 49 sec. —
22nd, — 5 h. 59 min. 12 sec. —
24th, — 0 h. 27 min. 30 sec. —
31st, — 2 h. 20 min. 54 sec. —

Saturn still pursues a retrograde course. He is on the 1st in 2° *Cancer*, and on the 31st in 30° *Gemini*. A line extended from the centre star in the *Girdle of Orion* through *Belatgeuse*, in his right shoulder, will point out Saturn; he also forms a large triangle with *Aldebaran* and *Capella*. A line drawn from *Bellatrix*, in *Orion's* left shoulder, through Saturn, will shew the first twin *Castor*; the star immediately below him is *Pollux*, the second twin.

Herschel is in conjunction with the Sun on the 14th, at 0 h. 45 min. afternoon.

A Comet has lately been observed in the north-west, near the horizon, situated in the constellation *Ophiucus*. Their approach not being exactly known, even by the most learned astronomers, they are seldom heard of till they become visible. The term is derived from the Greek *Coma*, a hair, by reason of their figure, which is that of a star floating in vapour, engendered in the upper regions of the air, and which causes them to appear hairy. They are sometimes observed with a long tail, a beard, sometimes like a rose, a sword, &c., according to their position with regard to the Sun. Some persons imagine that Comets are the forerunners of great calamities or evils, as the death of some great personage, the sign of war, the destruction of armies, and various other direful events.

We read of blazing stars, or comets, so far back as the year 750, and in almost every century since. The comet of the longest continuance was in the time of Nero, which was visible for six months. Most of your readers, I have no doubt, remember the very brilliant one which made its appearance in 1811, and was visible from the middle of August till the

latter end of the following November ; its tail was computed to be 33,000,000 of miles long. They are of different magnitudes, but the greater number are supposed to be less than the moon.

PASCHE.

P. S. On the 8th of January, 1642, Galileo, the celebrated astronomer, died near Florence. He was cited before the *Holy Inquisition*, and forced to abjure the Copernican or true system of the world. After going through the humiliating ceremony, he stamped with his foot on the earth, saying, *e pur si muove*, "it moves notwithstanding."

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXVIII.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE wedding of Jacob Frost and Hester Hewitt, commemorated in my last,* took place on a Monday morning ; and, on the next day (Tuesday), as I was walking along the common—blown along would be the proper phrase, for it was a wind that impelled one onward like a steam-engine—what should I see but the well-known fish-cart sailing in the teeth of that raging gale, and Jacob and his old companions, the grey mare and the black sheep-dog, breasting, as well as they might, the fury of the tempest. As we neared, I caught occasional sounds of "herrings—oysters ! oysters—herrings !" although the words, being as it were blown away, came scatteringly and feebly on the ear ; and when we at last met, and he began in his old way to recommend, as was his wont, these oysters of a week old (note that the rogue was journeying coast-wise, outward-bound), with a profusion of praises and asseverations which he never vented on them when fresh,—and when I also perceived that Jacob had doused his old garments, and that his company had doffed their bridal favours,—it became clear that our man of oysters did not intend to retire yet awhile to the landlordship of the Bell ; and it was soon equally certain that the fair bride, thus deserted in the very outset of the honeymoon, intended to maintain a full and undisputed dominion over her own territories—the herself, and her whole establishment—the lame ostler, who still called her Mistress Hester—the red-haired charity girl, and the tabby cat, still remaining in full activity ; whilst the very inscription of her maiden days,

"Hester Hewitt's home-brewed," still continued to figure above the door of that respectable hostelry. Two days after the wedding, that happy event seemed to be most comfortably forgotten by all the parties concerned—the only persons who took any note of the affair being precisely those who had nothing to do with the matter ; that is to say, all the gossips of the neighbourhood, male and female—who did, it must be confessed, lift up their hands, and shake their heads, and bless themselves, and wonder what this world would come to.

On the succeeding Saturday, however, his regular day, Jacob re-appeared on the road, and, after a pretty long traffic in the village, took his way to the Bell ; and, the next morning, the whole *cortège*, bride and bridegroom, lame ostler, red-haired lass, grey mare, and black sheep-dog, adorned exactly as on the preceding Monday, made their appearance at church ; Jacob looking, as oforetime, very knowing—Hester, as usual, very demure. After the service there was a grand assemblage of Master Frost's acquaintances ; for, between his customers and his playmates, Jacob was on intimate terms with half the parish—and many jokes were prepared on his smuggled marriage and subsequent desertion ;—but he of the brown jerkin evaded them all, by handing his fair lady into the cart, lifting the poor parish girl beside her, and even lending a friendly hoist to the lame ostler : after which he drove off, with a knowing nod, in total silence ; being thereunto prompted partly by his wife's intreaties, partly by a sound more powerful over his associations—an impatient neigh from the old grey mare, who, never having attended church before, had begun to weary of the length of the service, and to wonder on what new course of duty she and her master were entering.

By this despatch, our new-married couple certainly contrived to evade the main broadside of jokes prepared for their reception ; but a few random jests, flung after them at a venture, hit notwithstanding ; and one amongst them, containing an insinuation that Jacob had stolen a match to avoid keeping the wedding, touched our bridegroom, a man of mettle in his way, on the very point of honour—the more especially as it proceeded from a bluff old bachelor of his own standing—honest George Bridgwater, of the Lea—at whose hospitable gate he had discussed many a jug of ale and knoll of bacon, whilst hearing and telling the news of the country side. George Bridgwater to suspect him of stinginess

* See MIRROR, p. 399, vol. viii.

—the thought was insupportable. Before he reached the Bell he had formed, and communicated to Hester, the spirited resolution of giving a splendid party in the Christmas week—a sort of wedding-feast or house-warming; consisting of smoking and cards for the old, dancing and singing for the young, and eating and drinking for all ages; and, in spite of Hester's decided disapprobation, invitations were given and preparations entered on forthwith.

Sooth to say, such are the sad contradictions of poor human nature, that Mrs. Frost's displeasure, albeit a bride in the honey-moon, not only entirely failed in persuading Master Frost to change his plan, but even seemed to render him more confirmed and resolute in his purpose. Hester was a thrifty housewife; and although Jacob was apparently, after his fashion, a very gallant and affectionate husband, and although her interest had now become his—and of his own interest none had ever suspected him to be careless—yet he did certainly take a certain sly pleasure in making an attack at once on her hoards and her habits, and forcing her into a gaiety and an outlay which made the poor bride start back aghast.

The full extent of Hester's misfortune in this ball, did not, however, come upon her at once. She had been accustomed to the speculating hospitality of the Christmas parties at the Swan, whose host was wont at tide times to give a supper to his customers, that is to say, to furnish the eatables thereof—the leg of mutton and turnips, the fat goose and applesauce, and the huge plum-puddings—of which light viands that meal usually consisted, on an understanding that the aforesaid customers were to pay for the drinkables therewith consumed; and, from the length of the sittings, as well as the reports current on such occasions, Hester was pretty well assured that the expenditure had been most judicious, and that the leg of mutton and trimmings had been paid for over and over. She herself being, as she expressed it, “a lone woman, and apt to be put upon,” had never gone farther in these matters than a cup of hyson and muffins, and a cup of hot elder-wine, to some of her cronies in the neighbourhood; but, having considerable confidence both in the extent of Jacob's connexions and their tipping propensities, as well as in that faculty of getting tipsy and making tipsy in Jacob himself, which she regarded “with one auspicious and one dropping eye,” as good and bad for her trade, she had at first no very great objection to try for once the experi-

ment of a Christmas party; nor was she so much startled at the idea of a dance—dancing, as she observed, being a mighty provoker of thirst; neither did she very greatly object to her husband's engaging old Timothy, the fiddler, to officiate for the evening, on condition of giving him as much ale as he chose to drink, although she perfectly well knew what that promise implied, Timothy's example being valuable on such an occasion. But when the dreadful truth stared her in the face, that this entertainment was to be a *bona-fide* treat—that not only the leg of mutton, the fat goose, and the plum-puddings, but the ale, wine, spirits and tobacco were to come out of her coffers, than party, dancing, and fiddler became nuisances past endurance, the latter above all.

Old Timothy was a person of some note in our parish, known to every man, woman, and child in the place, of which, indeed, he was a native. He had been a soldier in his youth, and having had the good luck to receive a sabre wound on his skull, had been discharged from the service as infirm of mind, and passed to his parish accordingly; where he led a wandering pleasant sort of life, sometimes in one public-house, sometimes in another—tolerated, as Hester said, for his bad example, until he had run up a score that became intolerable, at which times he was turned out, with the workhouse to go to, for a *pis aller*, and a comfortable prospect that his good humour, his good fellowship, and his fiddle, would in process of time be missed and wanted, and that he might return to his old haunts and run up a fresh score. When half tipsy, which happened nearly every day in the week, and at all hours, he would ramble up and down the village, playing snatches of tunes at every corner, and collecting about him a never-failing audience of eight and ten year old urchins of either sex, amongst which small mob old Timothy, with his jokes, his songs, and his antics, was incredibly popular. Against Justice and Constable, treadmill and stocks, the sabre cut was a protection, although, I must candidly confess, that I do not think the crack in the crown ever made itself visible in his demeanour until a sufficient quantity of ale had gone down his throat, to account for any aberration of conduct, supposing the broadsword in question never to have approached his skull. That weapon served, however, as a most useful shield to our modern Timotheus, who, when detected in any outrageous fit of drunkenness, would immediately summon sufficient recollection to sigh and look pitiful, and put his poor, shaking, withered hand to the scan-

which the wound had left, with an air of appeal, which even I, with all my scepticism, felt to be irresistible.

In short, old Timothy was a privileged person; and terrible not though he were, he almost deserved to be so, for his good humour, his contentedness, his constant festivity of temper, and his good will towards every living thing—a good will which met with its usual reward in being heartily and universally returned. Every body liked old Timothy, with the solitary exception of the hostess of the Bell, who, having once had him as an inmate during three weeks, had been so scandalized by his disorderly habits, that, after having with some difficulty turned him out of her house, she had never admitted him into it again, having actually resorted to the expedient of buying off her intended customer, even when he presented himself penes in hand, by the gift of a pint of home-brewed at the door, rather than suffer him to effect a lodgment in her tap-room—a mode of dismissal so much to Timothy's taste, that his incursions had become more and more frequent, inasmuch that "to get rid of the fiddler and other scape-graces, who were apt to put upon a lone woman," formed a main article in the catalogue of reasons assigned by Hester to herself and the world, for her marriage with Jacob Frost. Accordingly, the moment she heard that Timothy's irregularities and ill example were likely to prove altogether unprofitable, she revived her old objection to the poor fiddler's morals, rescinded her consent to his admission, and insisted so vehemently on his being unordered, that her astonished husband, fairly out-talked and out-scolded, was fain to purchase a quiet evening by a promise of obedience. Having carried this point, she forthwith, according to the example of all prudent wives, began an attack on another, and, having compassed the unordering of Timothy, began to bargain for uninviting her next neighbour, the widow Glen.

Mrs. Martha Glen kept a baker's and chandler's shop in a wide lane, known by the name of the Broadway, and adorned with a noble avenue of oaks, terminating in the green whereon stood the Bell, a lane which, by dint of two or three cottages peeping out from amongst the trees, and two or three farm-houses, the smoke from whose chimneys sailed curlingly amongst them, might, in comparison with that lonely nook, pass for inhabited. Martha was a buxom widow, of about the same standing with Mistress Frost. She had had her share of this world's changes, being the happy rellet of three several spouses, and was now a comely rosy dame-

with a laughing eye and a merry tongue. Why Hester should hate Martha Glen was one of the puzzles of the parish. Hate her she did, with that venomous and deadly hatred that never comes to words; and Martha repaid the obligation in kind, as much as a habitually genial and relenting temper would allow, although certainly the balance of aversion was much in favour of Mrs. Frost. An exceedingly smooth, genteel, and civil hatred it was on both sides; such a one as would have done honour to a more polished society. They dealt with each other, curtailed to each other, sate in the same pew at church, and employed the same charwoman—which last accordance, by the way, may partly account for the long duration of discord between the parties. Betty Clarke, the help in question, being a sharp, shrewish, vixenish woman, with a positive taste for quarrels, who regularly reported every cool inuendo uttered by the alow and soft-spoken Mrs. Frost, and every hot retort elicited from the rash and hasty Martha, and contrived to infuse her own spirit into each. With such an auxiliary on either side, there could be no great wonder at the continuance of this animosity; how it began was still undecided. There were, indeed, rumours of an early rivalry between the fair dames for the heart of a certain lame shepherd, the first husband of Martha; other reports assigned as a reason the unlucky tricks of Tom Martin, the only son of Mrs. Glen by her penultimate spouse, and the greatest pickle within twenty miles; a third party had, since the marriage, discovered the jealousy of Jacob to be the proximate cause, Martha Glen having been long his constant customer, dealing with him in all sorts of fishery and fruitery for herself and her shop, from red-herrings to golden-pippins; whilst a fourth party, still more scandalous, placed the jealousy, to which they also attributed the aversion, to the score of a young and strapping Scotch pedlar, Simon Fraser by name, who travelled the country with muslins and cottons, and for whom certain malicious gossips asserted both ladies to entertain a lacking penchant, and whose insensibility towards the maiden was said to have been the real origin of her match with Jacob Frost, whose proffer she had accepted out of spite. For my own part, I disbelieve all and each of these stories, and hold it very hard that an innocent woman cannot entertain a little harmless aversion towards her next neighbour without being called to account for so natural a feeling. It seems that Jacob thought so too, for on Hester's conditioning that Mrs. Glen

should be excluded from the party, he just gave himself a wink and a nod, twisted his mouth a little more on one side than usual, and assented without a word; and with the same facility did he relinquish the bough of mistletoe, which he had purposed to suspend from the bacon-rack—the ancient mistletoe bough, on passing under which our village lads are apt to snatch a kiss from the village maidens—a ceremony which offended Hester's nicety, and which Jacob promised to abrogate; and, pacified by these concessions, the bride promised to make due preparation for the ball, whilst the bridegroom departed on his usual expedition to the coast.

Of the unrest of that week of bustling preparation, words can give but a faint image. Oh, the scourgings, the cleanings, the sandings, the dustings, the scoldings of that disastrous week! The lame ostler and the red-haired parish girl were worked off their feet—"even Sunday shone no Sabbath day to them"—for then did the lame ostler trudge eight miles to the church of a neighbouring parish, to procure the attendance of a celebrated bassoon player to officiate in lieu of Timothy; whilst the poor little maid was sent nearly as far to the head town, in quest of an itinerant show-woman, of whom report had spoken at the bell, to beat the tambourine. The show-woman proved undiscoverable; but the bassoon player having promised to come, and to bring with him a clarinet, Mrs. Frost was at ease as to her music; and having provided more victuals than the whole village could have discussed at a sitting, and having moreover adorned her house with berried holly, china-roses, and chrysanthemums after the most tasteful manner, began to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to wish for the return of her husband to admire and to praise.

Late on the great day Jacob arrived, his cart laden with marine stores for his share of the festival. Never had the goodly village of Aberleigh witnessed such a display of oysters, muscles, periwinkles, and cockles, to say nothing of apples and nuts, and two little kegs, snugly covered up, which looked exceedingly as if they had cheated the revenue, a packet of green tea, which had something of the same air, and a new silk gown, of a flaming salmon-colour, straight from Paris, which he insisted on Hester's retiring to assume, whilst he remained to arrange the table and receive the company, who, it being now about four o'clock P. M.—our good rustics can never have enough of a good thing—were beginning to assemble for the ball.

The afternoon was fair and cold, and dry and frosty, and Matthews's, Bridgwaters', White's, and Jones's, in short, the whole sacmerage and shopkeepery of the place, with a goodly proportion of wives and daughters, came pouring in apace. Jacob received them with much gallantry, uncloaking and unbosoming the ladies, assisted by his two staring and awkward auxiliaries, welcoming their husbands and fathers, and apologizing, as best he might, for the absence of his help-mate, who, "perplexed in the extreme" by her new finery, which happening to button down the back, she was fain to put on hind side before, did not make her appearance till the greater part of the company had arrived, and the music had struck up a country dance. An evil moment, alas! did poor Hester choose for her entry! for the first sound that met her ear was Timothy's fiddle, forming a strange trio with the bassoon and the clarinet; and the first persons whom she saw were Tom Martin cracking walnuts at the chimney-side, and Simon Frazer saluting the widow Glen under the mistletoe. How she survived such sights and sounds does appear wonderful—but survive them she did, for at three o'clock, A. M., when our reporter left the party, she was engaged in a sociable game at cards, which, by the description, seems to have been long whist, with the identical widow Glen, Simon Frazer, and William Ford, and had actually won fivepence-halfpenny of Martha's money; the young folks were still dancing gaily, to the sound of Timothy's fiddle, which fiddle had the good quality of going on almost as well drunk as sober, and it was now playing solo, the clarinet being *hors-combat*, and the bassoon under the table. Tom Martin, after shewing off more tricks than a monkey, amongst the rest sewing the whole card-party together by the skirts, to the probable damage of Mrs. Frost's gay gown, had returned to his old post by the fire, and his old amusement of cracking walnuts, with the shells of which he was pelting the little parish girl, who sat fast asleep on the other side; and Jacob Frost, in all his glory, sate in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, roaring out catches with his old friend George Bridgwater, and half-a-dozen other "drowthy cronies," whilst "aye the ale was growing better," and the Christmas party went merrily on.—*Monthly Magazine*.

BROKEN HEARTS.

BROKEN faith and broken glass,
Broken legs and arms are seen;
But for broken *hearts*, we pass
To what are not, and ne'er have been.

Valentia Harbour, Ireland.



(For the Mirror.)

On the west coast of Ireland, in the county of Kerry, and batory of Iveragh, lies the harbour of Valentia. It was originally colonized by the Spaniards. Some months since, it was proposed as the port from whence the steam-packets were to start for North America, in consequence of its having two entrances at east and west.

The island of Valentia is seven miles in length and two miles broad, presenting towards the main land and harbour a gentle declivity, but guarded on the Dingle Bay side by tremendous precipices.

The entrances to the harbour are extremely narrow; the east is the safest, although with a north-west wind, (which blocks both the east and west passages,) the sea breaks right across.

The remains of an ancient fort still exist, seated on the Gun Rock; it is supposed to have been erected at the period Oliver Cromwell was in Ireland, and is called after him. Cahir Sivieu, a small post village, lies opposite the east entrance. From east to west, inside the harbour, there are four safe anchorages, in from three to five fathoms water, viz. the first, from the west entrance, is under Captain Spottiswood's house on the hill, bringing it to bear on the bow and port Magee astern. The second, in the bight opposite Belville-house, the seat of Whitwell Butler, Esq. The third, opposite the Knight of Kerry's lodge, on the island side. And the fourth, off the tide-surveyor's house, which lies on Valentia, opposite Cahir Sivieu.

The west entrance, when the night is dark, would deceive a stranger, from Puffin Island being situated nearly in the centre of the channel; and if the south instead of the northern side is taken, it is certain destruction. Bray Head is a fine bold cliff, frowning majestically above

the waves; it has a signal tower erected on it, at present not inhabited, being only useful in war time, to communicate intelligence to Cork of any suspicious vessels.

The shores of Kerry are entirely exposed to the Atlantic waves; and as a westerly or north-west wind prevails nine months out of the twelve, the largest ship in the navy would suffer materially.

Two pyramidal rocks, called the Skelligs, lie about six miles due west. Lighthouses are now erected on them, and being in the direct track from North America, they must have proved highly serviceable to vessels navigating from that country.

F. W. DUNNE.

A LITHOPHAGUS.

In the *Dictionnaire Physique* of Father Paulian is the following curious case:—The beginning of May, 1760, there was brought to Avignon a true lithophagus, or stone-eater, who had been found, about three years before that time, in a northern island, by the crew of a Dutch ship. He not only swallowed flints of an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick; but such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marble, pebbles, &c., he made up into paste, which was to him a most agreeable and wholesome food. I examined this man with all the attention I possibly could; I found his gullet very large, his teeth exceedingly strong, his saliva very corrosive, and his stomach lower than ordinary, which I imputed to the vast quantity of flints he had swallowed, being about twenty-five one day with the other. His keeper made him eat raw flesh with the stones, but could never induce him to swallow bread; he would, however, drink water, wine, and brandy. He usually slept twelve hours in the day, and passed the greater part of the night in smoking.

The Months



JANUARY.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!

COWPER.

BEFORE remarking generally on this month, we shall give its origin. "January was so named, because sacred to Janus. Its tutelar divinity was *Juno*. The sign of this month is *Aquarius*, supposed to denote that snows and rains are now more frequent than in any other season of the year."^a

This month has been generally noted as the coldest season of the year, and we have been wont to keep within doors, snugly seated beside the blazing hearth, and listening to the roar of winds and pelted showers of driving sleet. But how changed! January is arrived—not in his "sliding car, indebted to no wheels," and "urged by storms along the slippery way;" not with "his forehead wrapt in clouds," not with an "icicle beard," but with an April face, with "wreathed smiles," bringing warmth and gladness, inspiring the woods with harmony, deck-

ing the fields with verdure, and delighting us children of the earth with an early foretaste of spring! However, let us not deceive ourselves; our text is true, and we must truly tell of it, and of what is *not*. Perhaps the greatest difficulty we have to master is to adhere to our text. The sunbeams play into our room—our winter plants revive, and "laugh the frost to scorn"—then our eye catches a glimpse of the fine January figure that heads this article—and we are reminded that we must describe his "fickle reign," in spite of "out-of-door" evidence and appearances.

We must now expect the most intense cold; a few bright sunny days are generally succeeded by showers of snow and blustering winds. It is now the depth of winter; and to her power all nature yields. Cowper's accurate and beautiful description of the season is not unfrequently realized at this season of the year. The streams are frozen, the trees are bare,

^a Time's Telescope.

the earth is covered with broad flakes of snow, the forest harmony is hushed, and the pelting showers of sleet and hail, the howling of the sweeping storm, the rushing of wild torrents, whose rapid floodings the fetters of winter cannot stay, are raging without doors, and proclaiming, far and wide, the desolateness and gloom peculiar to this inclement season. But "all is not gold that glitters"—and all is not gloom that gloomy seems. True, the orchards are stripped of their golden fruits; the groves are bending with the snow.

"Their beauty withered, and their verdure lost."

Yet, when we explore these dreary scenes, the mind is amply gratified in contemplating, that were there no winter, neither the spring, nor summer, nor autumn, would display such a variety of beauties, for the earth itself would lose those rich stores of nourishment and fertility to which even the winter so copiously contributes. But we must cease this strain. Our paper already begins to warn us of "our limits;" and we have not even given a farewell to the Old Year, or a greeting to the New one!

The commencement of a new year cannot be witnessed without emotion. We have all our hopes and fears. We have outlived the pains and perils of the past one, (and its pleasures too, for pleasures are sometimes fatal,) and we hope to be the actors in another "strange, eventful history."—"Though of different tastes and fancies," says a writer in the pleasant volume above quoted, "there should yet be but one heart and mind amongst us upon this festival, even although we may deem it fitting to cast a *Parthian* glance, as it were, back upon the glories or the griefs that now lie buried in the tomb of time. Such ought not to spoil our appetite for the present, or rob us of hope for the future. What, albeit that age doth steal with noiseless tread,

And ere we fear,

'The sad and unwelcome visitant is here,'

though 'day buries day, and month the month,' still we shall find enough of food for content, and gratitude, and contemplation, to exist upon, in the knowledge of what has been, in the anticipation of what may be. Nay, even though some of us should labour under those griefs that 'crack the heart strings,' though others may bear seared and shrivelled-up hopes, yet we should rather be content to bear those ills we have, than, as the bard of Avon writes, 'fly to others which we know not of.'

The merry bells have announced the departure of one thousand, eight hundred

and twenty-six, they have as merrily ushered in one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-seven, and now we are journeying onwards with high anticipations to celebrate its close, and hail another New Year's Day. Aye, and another—and another—and another. But let us not calculate rashly. Time hurries us on to death, and it were well for us to improve our time. A fine moral tone of feeling is conveyed in the following reflections on the new year; they may be read again and again with profit. From the pages of *The Literary Magnet* we copy them—and we close our January article with

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR.

WHILE midnight's chime beats deep and drear—
The pulses of the parting year,
I will not hail another's birth
With reckless and unseemly mirth;
By me its welcome shall be said,
As in the presence of the dead.

A smile, the new-born year to greet,
A silent tear to that gone by;
As blending in our bosoms meet
The dreams of hope and memory.
Again I hail each inmate gay,
Assembled in the festal room—
But some, alas! are far away,
Some sleeping in the tomb!

A narrower circle seems to meet
Around the board—each vacant seat
A dark and sad remembrance brings,
Of faded and forsaken things!
Of Youth's sweet promise to the heart,
Of hopes that came but to depart:
Like phantom waters of the waste,
That gladdened the sight, but shun the taste.
Of bright eyes veiled in cold eclipse—
The balm, the breath and bloom of lips,
Where oft in silent rapture ours
Have clung like bees to hoarded flowers:
With their sweet voices past away,
Even like the harp's expiring lay.

But fled and gone, with all its bliss,
And dreams of good—a long adieu.
Unto the year beyond the hills—
And welcome to the new.
And hoping oft to meet again,
To hail the sacred season's call,
Thus, hand in hand, the bowl we drain,
"A good New Year to all."

THE NEW YEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

ANOTHER year—another! say—
And can the last have flown away?
So short it seems, in memory's view,
We hardly can believe it true,
And yet in Fancy's ear, its knell
Proclaims aloud the truth full well,
Oh! father Time, thou hoary sage,
Thou subtle thief of mortal age,

Why on thy pinions, swift as thought
Hast thou so soon, another brought?
So soon! and yet, tho' short the date,
In kindred dust, what numbers wait,
Who, gay in health some months ago,
No longer feel or joy or woe,
Nor longer fear the common foe?
How many lately, high in fame,
Unmasked, have met ignoble shame!
How many, Fortune design'd to crown,
Are now by Fortune tumbled down!
How many sure of golden schemes,
Have found them worse than idle dreams.
Look to the sad reverse of trade,
Which one short year, alas! has made;
See misery's pale, dejected eye;
Observe the wrecks of property;
See our mechanics idle stand;
See poverty pervade the land,
See these, and more—then own 'tis clear,
The last was an eventful year;
And that however short, we know,
'Twas amply long enough in tro!

Then let us hail the coming year,
And trust that brighter days are near;
That soon our artizans will smile,
And trade reviv'd, their fears beguile;
May genial plenty's, cheering ray,
Chase the dull gloom of want away;
May ev'ry blessing, Heav'n can give,
Crown the lov'd isle where Britons live;
May discords, foreign or domestic, cease,
Nor dare remove thine olive-branch, oh! Peace;
May virtues social, moral, and sincere,
Add a new zest to welcome each New Year.

JACOBUS.

INSCRIPTION ON A SMALL PAPER TABLE
ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
TOP-KNOT, A FAVOURITE BIRD.

(For the Mirror.)

In modest worth can dim thy pensive eye,
Come look on this—come sit ye down and cry
Look on this tiny pall, this tiny bier,
'Tis youthful beauty claims the passing tear!
O for Pope's melody, for Byron's lyre,
To warm cold Bristol-board with living fire,
Where Topknot's life might blaze o'er ev'ry bit,
And mortal man exult and copy it!
Sweet bird indeed! as Shakespeare says, 'tis ten
To one, "we o'er shall see his like again."
Stern foe to vice, to virtue ever fast,
He bore his name unsullied to the last.
His life, albeit in constant durance pent,
Was one sweet scene of beautiful content.
He never sigh'd for vagrant birds above,
Or if he did—"he never told his love."
He never sow'd wild oats in pleasure's train,
Or if he did—he picked them up again.
No midnight brawl for him, no rout, no rage
No watchman murder'd—yet his doom the cage.
No public dance had charms to make him roam,
And yet he had his *little hope* at home.
He flattered none where truth the damage pays,
And yet he had his little coaxing ways.
No glutton he, although good eating priz'd,
Lov'd drinking—yet was never seen *disguis'd*.
In short, "the glass of fashion, mould of grace,"
Behold poor Topknot, prince of all his race

Go hence and laugh not—go and dim thine eye,
And learn that men, like little birds, must die;
A shroud life's legacy, and death thy doom:
Such shall be thine—this, this is Topknot's tomb.

That the example of so much inestimable goodness may not be lost to the wicked, his mistress,
Lydia Chambers,
who loved him living, and laments him dead,
hath caused this monument to be erected.
Dec. 1836.

BIRRO.

ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

IN No. 228 of the MIRROR, page 387,
is given a brief account of the various
names which this country has been called,
but why the Grecians called it *Britain*,
could not be accounted for.

Britain is derived from *Frydain*, the
name given to it by the Britains upwards
of two thousand years ago, and which
signifies "the fair or beautiful isle."
Yngs Frydain.

"Sons of the *Fair Isle*, forget not the time
Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your
clime.

Darkly tho' clouds may hang o'er us awhile
The crown shall not pass from the *Beautif-
ful Isle*."

PENCERDD.

* From the ancient monarchical song of Britain
called "*Unbennaeth Frydain*" which the bard
of the palace used to sing while the warriors
were preparing for battle.

ORIGIN OF THE BILLS OF
MORTALITY.

(For the Mirror.)

BILLS of Mortality took rise (says Pen-
nant) in 1592; in which year began a
great pestilence, which continued till the
18th of December, 1595. During this
period they were kept in order to ascer-
tain the number of persons who died;
but when the plague ceased, the bills
were discontinued. They were resumed
again in 1603. At the original institu-
tion there were only a hundred and nine
parishes; others were gradually added,
and, by the year 1681, the number was a
hundred and thirty-two. Since that time
fourteen more have been added, so that
the whole amounts to one hundred and
forty-six; viz.

97 within the walls.

16 without the walls.

23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Sur-
rey.10 in the city and Liberties of West-
minster.

P. T. W

Arts and Sciences.

CHURCH AND TURRET CLOCKS.

AN improvement has lately been made in church and turret clocks, for which the Society of Arts, &c. has bestowed one of its most liberal rewards to Mr. W. Wynn, an ingenious watch and clock maker in London. We beg to call the attention of churchwardens, gentlemen of committees for building new churches, and architects both in London and the country, to the subject, as we think great service would be rendered to the public in adopting Mr. Wynn's plan.

The feeble tones produced from the bells of our church-clocks arise from the great resistance which the hammers suffer in their fall by the spring called the counter spring, which is placed under the shank of the hammer to prevent it from shattering the bell. It has been proved by an experiment made on the hammers of the turret-clock at the Royal Military College, that this spring opposes a force of forty-two pounds out of fifty, leaving only the force of eight pounds to put the bell in vibration. The only means of obtaining a blow from the hammer to produce the weak tones which are made by our present church-clocks have been to make use of machinery of very large dimensions, and to suspend very heavy weights as maintaining powers; and even with the assistance of these, there is scarcely a church-clock in London that is heard out of its immediate vicinity; consequently the great bulk of the population derives no benefit from these useful machines. In fact, the increasing the size of the machinery and weights in a great measure defeats its own object, for it creates almost as much resistance as it increases power, from the additional friction suffered by the increased weight of the moving objects, the large sizes of the pivots, and the strong inflexible ropes necessarily used, which have to pass round the barrels, and in most cases numerous pulleys. On the present system, the power of the movement is exerted in vain, as it is obviously an absurdity to be at the expense of creating an immense mechanical power, and suffer the greater part of it to be neutralized before it takes effect. It is like attaching eight horses to the shafts of a waggon, and placing seven others on behind to resist the progress of the former.

Mr. Wynn has by his invention removed the whole of the resistance to the fall of the hammer, by dispensing with the counter spring and causing the hammer to fall without any obstruction whatever; and has taken advantage of the

reaction which takes place on the collision of elastic bodies to catch the hammer at the extreme height to which it rebounds from the bell, by which he is enabled to produce a perpendicular fall of the hammer of twelve inches, at the expense of raising it only six. It will be practicable in almost all cases to increase the fall of the hammer three or four times greater than they now fall, and those who are acquainted with the accelerated force of falling bodies, will be able to appreciate the great increase of power that will be acquired by this principle.

It is easy to demonstrate that the force of the new hammer can be increased twenty or thirty times greater than it is on the system hitherto adopted without increasing the maintaining power. By means of this invention it will be easy to create a force that will be able to put the largest sized bell in as great vibration as it is capable of, or to make it sound so as to be heard at as great a distance as when rung with the rope, which has hitherto been impracticable, for the larger the church-bells are, the more difficult it is to create a power to get a tone out of them.

Besides the valuable principles before described, Mr. Wynn has effected several improvements in the striking part, which in themselves will be of great importance, by applying a toothed sector to raise the hammer instead of the common lever, which removes fifteen-sixteenths of the friction. The oil will adhere much more tenaciously to the sector than to the lever, on which there is a great difficulty to make it remain, on account of its plane surface, inclined position, and the jerk it suffers at each fall of the hammer; and unless it is frequently attended to, it puts the clock out of order. A contrivance is also made on the principle of the air-tight carriage axles to prevent the pivots of the hammer from rust, which, from their necessary exposure to the atmosphere, they always contract, and which creates a very great friction both in the raising and falling of the hammer.

The new hammer may be fixed to church-clocks now in use for a very trifling expense, without altering any of the machinery; and if they were generally applied to the public clocks in London, there is not a habitation whose inmates would not derive the benefit of hearing the hour, a thing of obvious importance to the public, as it would afford the means to every individual to correct his time without trouble to himself, and enable the man of business to be precise in his appointments. One of them has recently been applied to a church-clock in a vil-

lage near London, which gives infinite satisfaction to the inhabitants, and the certainty of its performance is placed beyond controversy. Turret-clocks on the new principle may be made at a very reduced price.

NEW INVENTION.

A CANAL-DIGGING machine has recently been introduced at Paris, to be worked either by horse, manual, or other moving power. It is capable of digging ten feet deep, and a power equal to eight horses is required to work it. The machine will extract and carry out of the canal ninety-six cubic feet per minute. It advances gradually in working, and digs eight feet in breadth at one stroke.

ACOUSTICS.

It is stated, in the account of Captain Parry's third voyage, that at Port Bowen, Lieutenant Foster kept up a conversation with his assistant at a distance of 6,696 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths.

THE PLEXIMETER.

An instrument under this name has been invented by a French surgeon, for the purpose of ascertaining (which it is said to do with great accuracy) the existence of any pleuretic or other effusion in the chest or abdomen. It consists of a plate of ivory, like the lid of a snuff-box, which is fixed on the part to be examined, in such a way as to render the sound produced upon it by percussion very distinct. The presence of so small a quantity as two glasses of liquid has been ascertained by the pleximeter. It likewise enables the operator to discover if the liver or the spleen is enlarged, or if the peritoneum contains any air.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MAN AND THE SEASONS.

In verdant Spring the breeze which gently blew,
Woke in the heart blithe echoes as it past,
Young Hope's fond flatteries,—whispering all
would last;
But winged with pleasures, fresh, and fair, and
new,
And bright, and lovely,—oh, how spring-time
few!
Then, like full Manhood bursting from a boy,
Summer shone out—so rife in flowery joy,
That scarce the bosom owned, what well it
knew,

How soon pale Autumn, like a dying friend,
Engendering solemn thoughts of life's decay,
Would come, and—withering,—withering,—day
by day,
Bring dark December on—and lo! the end!
Leafless and fruitless the year's pride is gone.—
And wistful Man looks round,—and finds himself
alone!

Literary Souvenir.

THE SEVEN AGES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the eloquence of maternal partiality, the earliest months of our existence are very far from seducing—our “mewling” little interesting except to mamma—and the rest of the quotation no where so agreeably exemplified as “in the nurse's arms.”

A little older, and the child begins to shew its nature; evincing a power of discrimination in distinguishing its parents from anybody else, which is brought forward as an evidence of very extraordinary sagacity. Then we begin to talk—when we are really interesting, and can be clever sometimes, if we are not asked to be so.

And from this age let us at one step be “weaned from the nursery”—booted and breeched—master of our A B C—and familiar with “Reading made Easy;”

“And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.”

It is only, however, while we go to the preparatory day school that our “satchel” is in request; for no sooner does the urchin quit the ordeal of “pot-books” and “hangers,” and become conversant with the rudiments of his Eton Grammar, than—behold him severed from mamma, and resident as “boarder” at “Hurly-Burly House Establishment!”

A boarding-school is the first step towards that state of life where pleasures and pains are rendered more vivid and acute by their contrast. Grief at leaving a parental home, thence to be severed by distance and time, is a feeling which most of us have experienced, and acknowledged as poignant. We shall not readily forget the sorrows of “Black Monday,” with all its paraphernalia of corded trunks, plum-cakes, and post-chaises; nor how willingly we would have forfeited the favours bestowed upon us at parting, to be allowed a week's respite from school. Ere long, however, these grievances die away! and the same tongue which but a few days back was choked in its attempt to utter a “farewell,” may be now heard in the school play-ground, as lustily bawling for “fair

play," as if home had never had an existence.

At fifteen or sixteen he leaves school, and is now enjoying, perhaps, the happiest period of his life. Still even this age has its drawbacks; it is for a time extremely awkward and undefined. The *homunculus* stands, as it were, rocking on a pivot of perplexity between man and boy—rejected by each estate, and claimed by neither. He wears a long coat, and assumes the neckcloth; but boys in the street cry "*a-hem!*" or stroke their chins as he passes along. Some people call him "*Mister!*" others, "*Master!*" the former appellation does not sit well yet; and the latter is insulting. The elderly ladies tell him "*he's quite a man!*" the vulgar married women begin to quiz him about his sweetheart; and the younger ladies are not so familiar with him as they were wont to be. He maintains his dignity when in the company of a school-boy, but is somewhat in doubt as to whether he ought not to quit the room with the ladies after dinner.

But he has now "discontinued school above a twelvemonth." He has lost his shamefacedness (we hope not his sense of shame)—is reckoned gentlemanly in his manners, and is invited out. He feels his heart opened—ceases to be shy before ladies in general—and begins to feel something like a tenderness for ladies in particular.

* And then the lover!

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

What a sensation is that created by the first impression of love upon the young and feeling heart! He is reproved by parental wisdom—laughed at by his companions—and scorned by the object of his adoration! And with a heart "already stabbed by a white wench's black eye," he goes to the field of battle, and encloses his lacerated bosom in a breast-plate of steel.

* And then a soldier;

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth."

He finds steel lozenges a cure for love—or, at least, Glory is now his mistress. He no longer now supplicates through tears "*a return of affection!*" but, "*with an eye like Mars to threaten and command,*" he summons the surrender of a foreign fort. His movements are too rapid for reminiscence to keep pace with them, and in the revelries of a merrymaking he drowns his sorrows. The drum and fife accompany him through many a year of servitude; till at length, "*tired*

of war's alarms," and perhaps favoured by the inducement of a seasonable legacy, he sells his commission, and retires to his country-seat. From the whining lover, he is changed to the gallant captain; and instead of singing (as he was wont to do), "*Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,*" he now chants in lusty heartiness, "*With my glass in one hand, and my jug in the other,*" &c. &c.

He has not, however, lost every sensibility in the wars, and there is yet a little corner of his heart unhardened by scenes of blood—uncontaminated by glory. He at first denies this; but when, to his great surprise, he meets with the first object of his youthful love, his tenderness is revived in spite of himself. She evinces so much solicitude for his wound, and expresses so much admiration for his bravery, that he strikes the flag of celibacy—capitulates with the forces of his insinuating charmer—and at length yields up his heart for her disposal. His bride is yet a virgin; and her nymph-like sparkling qualities have vanished, and left her sober and substantial—fair, fat, and forty. Like a glass of still champagne, her effervescence has subsided; but the captain, like a good connoisseur, thinks her all the better for that. People say at the time, that he does not marry her because he particularly loves her *now*—but because he did love her *once*. He likes her better than any other woman, and makes her a good husband.

And we now see him become

"The justice;

In fair round belly, with good capon lined;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances."

As in the time of Shakspeare, we still find his "*worship*" fond of good living, and often marked by that badge of abundance—corporal rotundity. But the beard is no longer a feature characteristic of his "*age*" and calling. The chins of the young, the middling, and the aged, are now alike subjected to the razor-blade; for, save and except an occasional pair of mustachios upon the lip of a Life-Guardsman or Bond-street swindler, we are all smooth as our mothers.

The part of the justice is monotonous, compared with former enactments. He reads an orthodox paper at breakfast, and very likely takes a little ginger in his tea. During the remainder of the morning he presides in his justice-room, to the terror of poachers and orchard-robbers, and so maintains his official dignity till the ponderous sirloin smokes before him, when his rigidity relaxes, and he sets (together with the parson) an example of

earnest application, which all hungry people will be ever willing to follow. The clergyman and he divide the reverence of the parish; they are the "two great ones" of the village, equally honoured by its inhabitants, who always summon up their best bow or curtsy, either for the guardian of their souls or the supporter of their personal rights; "and so he plays his part."

In due time the exertions of office fall into younger hands, and he gradually enters the sixth age, shifting

"Into the leen and slippered pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch at side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in the sound."

Little more can be added to this. He now lives upon a prescribed diet, and finds a stick really necessary, where it was before merely ornamental. As he walks through the village, he always stops the little children (particularly if the nursery-maid be pretty)—gives them a piece of gingerbread, or a few caraway-comfits—and tells them to "be good boys and girls!" He begins to grow garrulous now in the relation of his juvenile freaks; and rather tries the patience of his hearers by the frequent introduction of episodes, which are no way material to the story. He is likewise abominably particular about the "where," the "when," and the "who." What wonders he could have done!

"But, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate?—'tis not so now
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires."

He has a favourite daughter, who leads him to church on Sunday—reads the paper to him every morning, and the Bible every evening. The crape he wears is for a son who was killed at Waterloo; but he is comforted in thinking that his remaining child will not be without a protector—for she is engaged to the son of the same who "presented him with his gold spectacles and his walking-stick." The loss of his son assisted to silver his hairs; but the marriage of his daughter has brightened him up. He is now tolerably cheerful, and can laugh at a joke (when he hears it,) though at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel.

"Last scene of all,

That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every
thing."

He retains his faculties just long enough to see his grandson make a hobby-horse of his cane. His bed-room is on the ground-floor, and the utmost he can do is to move with quiet caution, supported by his son and daughter, from one room into the other. He has made his will, and lost his memory. The neighbours go through the ceremonious routine of daily inquiry after his health. A few "to-morrows" creep over us,—and on once more asking after the poor invalid, we find that "yesterday has lighted him to dusty death."

"Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot—full of sound and fury—
Signifying nothing."

Monthly Magazine.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY HENRY NEEDLE, ESQ.

TELL me, what is Life, I pray?

'Tis a changing April day,
Now, dull as March, now blithe as May;
A little cloud, a little light,
Naught certain, but th' approach of night;
At morn and evening, dew appears,
And life begins and ends with tears.

Yet, what is life, I pray thee tell?

'Tis a varied-sounding bell,
Now a triumph, now a knell;
At first, it rings of hope and pleasure,
Then, sorrow mingles in the measure,
And then a stern and solemn toll,
The requiem of a varied soul.

Yet, tell, I prithee, what is Life?

'Tis a tale with wonder rife;
Full of danger, full of strife;
A tale, that first enchants the ear,
Then fills our souls with doubt and fear;
At last with grief bows down our heads,
And sends us weeping, to our beds.

Yet, what is Life?—That insect vain

Lured from the heav'n it might attain,
To wed the glow-worm on the plain;
Wealth, pleasure, fame, at distance seen,
Shine brilliant as the glow-worm's sheen;
Life weds these seeming glorious forms,
And finds them blind and grovelling worms.

Yet, what is Life, again declare?

Oh! 'tis an arch of promise fair,
Built like the rainbow—in the air;
Many a hue, but none that last,
Many a ray, but each soon past,
Form'd of things that soon must sever,
Swiftly gone,—and gone for ever.

Still, what is Life?—A taper's light,

That feebly glimmers thro' the night,
And soon is quench'd, in darkness, quite
Each wind that spreads its flame, but hastes it,
Each touch that turns its splendour, wastes it,
And, brighter as its lustre plays,
Sooner its fragile frame decays.

Friendship's Offering.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Woolton.

POLISH NOBILITY.

THE emperor of Russia's last decree on titles ordains, that in Poland no person shall assume the title of baron unless his income be 25*l.* per annum; of count, unless he have 75*l.* per annum; and of prince, unless he can command 120*l.*

THE ABSENT MAN.

MR. L. receives a letter; he knows the hand writing; he wants to read it in haste—it is already dark, he strikes a light, tears a paper, and lights a candle, but the letter is gone.—He had used it to light the candle!

MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

THE late marquis of Hastings, in a letter found amongst his papers after his death, requested that on his decease his right hand might be cut off, and preserved until the death of the marchioness, when it was to be interred in the same coffin with her ladyship! In pursuance of his direction, the hand was amputated.

Two gentlemen, a few days since, took a boat at Blackfriars' Bridge, to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other, who sat beside him, if he could tell him, what *countryman* the waterman was? He replied, he could not, "Then," said his friend, "I can, He is a *Ro-man*." A cockney being told the above, said, "the pun was *wherry* good."

SINGULAR EPITAPH.

The following Epitaph is in Wood Ditton Church-yard, in memory of William Symonds, gamekeeper to the late duke of Rutland, at Cheveley, Cambridgeshire. It is said to be written by himself. A dripping-pan is carved on the head of the tomb.

HERE lies the corpse, who was the man,
That lov'd a sop in dripping-pan,
But now believe me, I am dead,
See here, the pan stands at my head,
Still for sop to the last I cry'd,
I could not eat, and so I dy'd.
My neighbours they perhaps may laugh,
When they do read my epitaph.

A CURIOUS FACT.

WERE a person, who is well acquainted with London, asked how many *butchers' shops* there are on the north side of the way, from Tyburn turnpike to White-chapel, a distance of four miles, along Oxford-street, Holborn, Newgate-street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, he would scarcely answer, "Two;" but such is (or was very lately) the fact!

THE following appears on the outside of a tailor's shop in the Kent-road:—Messieurs habillements fashionably fabricated, invisibly renovated, metamorphosed and deprecated, by Samuel * * *, Cosmopolitan.

PREACHING AND PROPHECYING.

A COUNTRY clergyman, who on Sundays, is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, whilst its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged, (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," argued the religious rustic, "gif reading a preachin' be preachin, is na' reading a prophecy prophesying?"

A PROPHECY.

THERE existed in Bhurtpore a prophecy that that fort never could be taken until all the water in the ditch was swallowed up by an alligator. Now the natives pronounce the name of lord Combermere in such a way as to make it sound "Commeer," which, in their language, is alligator, and thus they thought the prophecy accomplished.

10 CORRESPONDENTS.

F. T. W.; Tim Tobytkin; Janet; Jacobus; F. R. Y.; J.; M. L. B.; Pasche; G. W. N.; and A. B. C.: are requested to send to our Publisher's for letters, any day after Monday next.

A note is left for * * H., at 143, Strand.

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